

CHANDAMAMA

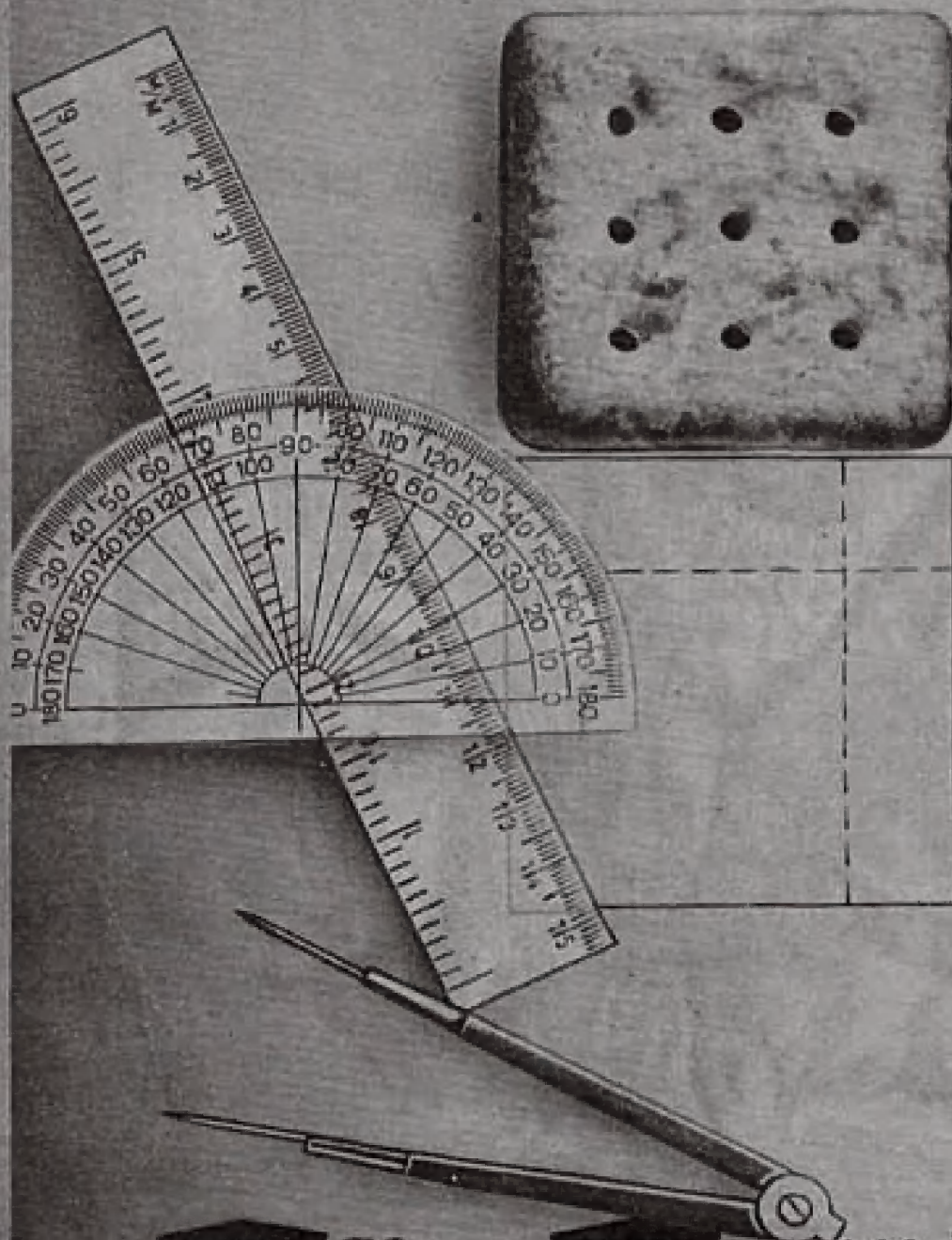
FEBRUARY 1980

Rs. 1.50



Turn to Page 35
for the Story of
"ALEXANDER AND FURU"

Theorem:
Spotting a genuine
Parle Krackjack biscuit is easier
than drawing a perfect square.



PARLE Gluco **PARLE MONACO** **PARLE Krackjack**

64

**Data: Being crisp,
fresh
and popular,
Parle biscuits
have many
imitators.**

To prove that: You can make
a biscuit look like Parle,
but you can't make
it taste like one.

Proof: a) The purchase test:
The first thing to
remember:
Parle Krackjack are never
sold loose. They come
hygienically sealed in
colourful packs, to
retain their inimitable
freshness.

b) The package test:
It's easy to recognise
the attractive Parle
Krackjack biscuit
pack on any shelf.
To make doubly sure,
check out the name
P-A-R-L-E on the pack.

c) The taste test:
Take a bite of the biscuit.
Is it as crisp, as fresh,
as you've always known
Parle Krackjack to be?

Q.E.D.



Their sum total is the finest enjoyment in biscuits.



**Hey mum!
We're still waiting
for the Bubblegum.**



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PRODUCT

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For complete dental care use
Colgate Tri-guard Toothbrushes...

THREE TIMES BETTER

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For cleaner, fresher breath and whiter teeth more people buy Colgate than any other toothpaste in the world!

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GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अप्रकटीकृतशक्तिः शक्तोऽपि जनस्तिरस्क्रियां लभते ।
निवसन्नन्तर्वाणि लङ्घ्यो वह्निर्न तु ज्वलितः ॥

*Aprakṭīkṛtaśaktiḥ śakto'pi janastiraskriyāṁ labhate
Nivasannantardāruṇi laṅghyo vahnirna tu jvalitaḥ.*

One may have strength; but nobody cares for him until he
has made his strength felt. People tread upon a wood even
though fire remains latent in it. But nobody can do so if the
fire is seen.

— The Panchatantra



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property of the Publishers and copying or adapting them in any
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" OF MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END "

It was exactly two hundred years ago, in 1780, that the first fountain pen was made by Scheller. Surely, that gave a great boost to writing. "Of many books there is no end," said the Bible long ago. The saying has grown more and more meaningful with the passage of time.

The world abounds in literature. Much of it is good, but much too is unworthy of being called literature. A book, when it is first published, may create a sensation, may sell by the thousands. Decades later it might have been forgotten. But a classic is read through the ages. It has always an interest for the readers of a new generation.

It is a difficult task to sift the good from what is not so good. However, over the years, intelligent readers and wise critics have given their votes in favour of some books. Such books are looked upon as classics in literature.

It is to help our readers to get acquainted with such classics that we present, in each issue, the plot of a famous book. Our readers are welcome to write to us if they are interested in knowing the outline of any book belonging to the category of classics.



LET US KNOW

Where is Silent Valley? Why is it in news?

*T. Shyam and friends,
Mysore.*

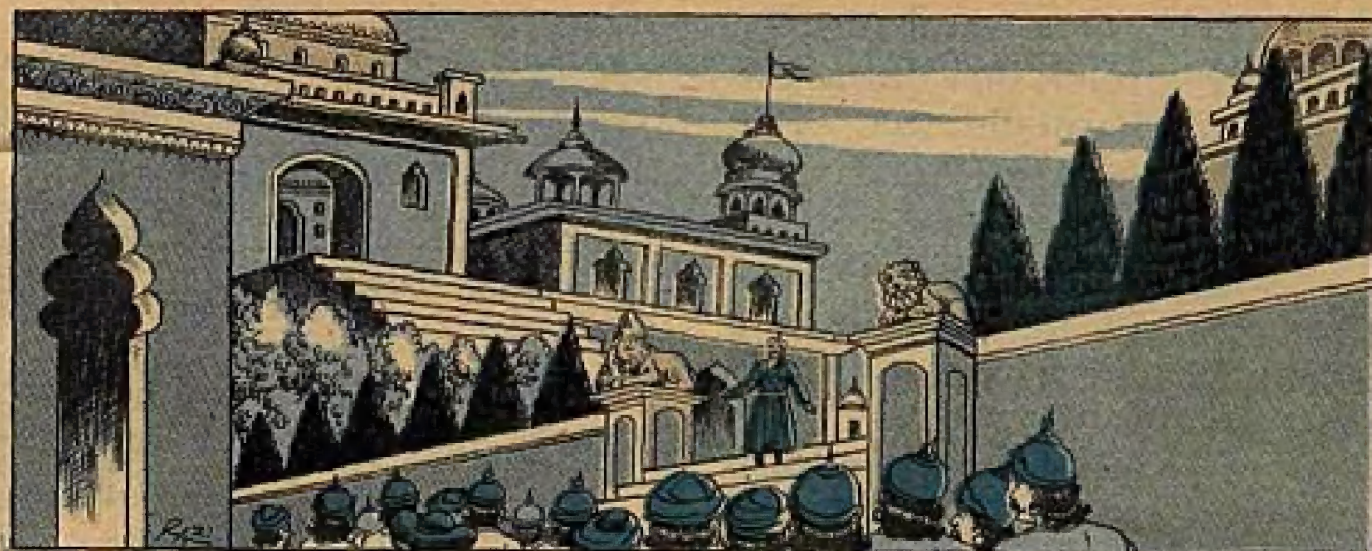
A large forest area along the Western Ghats in the Palaghat district of Kerala is known as the Silent Valley. It is so named because it is free from the noise generally made by cicadas in the forests.

This primeval forest is supposed to have been known in a bygone time as *Sairindhri Vana*. Sairindhri was the name of Draupadi. The Pandavas are believed to have roamed about in this forest. It has many specialities. It can serve as a great field of research for scientists of several disciplines.

The Government of Kerala has approved a scheme drawn up by the State Electricity Board to set up in that area a giant plant for producing electricity. Consequently, a large part of the area will be submerged. The forest will be destroyed. The project naturally will develop new colonies in the region.

The scheme is bound to create new employment opportunities and bring some prosperity to the locality. But many scientists—those who study environment and ecology in particular—do not approve of the scheme. Random destruction of forests, they warn us, is dangerous. Apart from causing floods and landslides, such destructions can bring about unforeseen calamities, including change of seasons and climate. For an ideal natural balance, one-third of the total land should be devoted to forestry. India, once rich with grand forests, has now much less than its ideal quota of forestry. Whatever be the immediate gain, to destroy any part of the remaining forest will prove harmful in the long run.

The Kerala project is that is why highly controversial. It may result in the loss of a natural wealth which cannot be ever evaluated in terms of money—not even by billions of rupees. At the time of going to press, the Central Government has asked Kerala State Government to suspend the work on the project.



MOST UNEXPECTED

King Anand Varma had two ministers, Ishwarchand and Vikash. First he called Ishwarchand and told him privately, "We have five hundred officers under us. Some of the officers are sincere in their works whereas others are not. But those who are sincere do not get anything more than their salaries. I wish to reward them. Please make a list of sincere, hard-working and faithful officers. But keep it to yourself."

The king then told the same thing privately to Vikash.

A month passed. Both the ministers submitted their lists to the king.

The king saw that while Ishwarchand submitted the names of only twentyfive officers, Vikash had drawn a list

of one hundred and fifty names. He did not know which list to follow in rewarding the honest officers. He compared the two lists and found that there were five names common in both of them. He called those five officers and rewarded them.

Next day over a hundred officers met the king and asked, "Your Highness, is it not rather surprising that only five officers should be deemed honest and hard-working? How did you make the selection? This was rather unexpected!"

The king did not expect such a delegation.

"What is unexpected about it? You all are being paid for your works. But some of you work hard, some work normally. There are even others

who work quite mechanically. Don't you think that those who work hard should get some special recognition?" asked the king.

"Right, your Highness. But how did you decide who were really hard-working officers?" they asked.

"I asked both my ministers to draw separate lists. Those names which were to be found in both the lists were picked up by me," explained the king.

"But this was unexpected," commented the grumbling officers before they took leave of the king.

It was around that time that the king's friend, Chiranjeevi, the traveller and philosopher, visited the palace. The king told him all and observed, "What I don't understand is why some officers should con-

sider the choice as something unexpected!"

"Names of those grumbling officers must be there in one of the lists. Please see whose list contained their names," said Chiranjeevi.

"Vikash's list contains their names," informed the king.

"Is Vikash an honest officer himself?" asked Chiranjeevi.

The king found the question significant. He made an intelligent investigation and found out that those five officers excepting, all the others in his list had bribed Vikash. Naturally, they expected to be rewarded. But they could not have told the king that they had bribed the minister. The king imprisoned the minister and dismissed those one hundred and fortyfive officers forthwith.





THREE PRINCESSES

6

(Out in search of the three lost princesses, the three brothers, Udayan, Nishith and Kumar, entered a forest and encountered a dwarf wizard. When the wizard took off his magic string of beads, he grew into the normal size of a man. As soon as Udayan put on the string himself, he not only turned dwarf but also developed a beard.)

The Castle in the Horizon

Udayan, changed into a dwarf, stood amazed for a moment. Then, eager to show his appearance to his imprisoned brothers, he entered the adjoining room.

But where are the brothers? Udayan did not know that the wizard had made them invisible. He looked for them here and there, but did not see them. Nishith and Kumar, no doubt, saw him, but they had no reason to think that it was Udayan who now looked like their tyrant captor. They kept quiet.

Udayan felt more and more

anxious and annoyed. After looking for his brothers for some more time, he rushed into the next room. The wizard was still snoring. Udayan stood near his bed and suddenly planted a blow on the fellow's back, at the same time giving out a thunderous shout.

The wizard sat up bolt right. He kept on blinking, unable to understand the situation.

"You rogue, I have known the secret of your wizardry. I will teach you the lesson of your life unless you tell me where my brothers are!" cried



out Udayan.

The wizard got off his bed and looked at the wall. His shirt was not there, nor was his string of beads. He looked again at Udayan and realised what had really happened. He sported a forced grin.

"Indeed, you are a brave and clever young man. Never in my life had I seen anyone like you. However, the appearance you have assumed is far from beautiful. You don't intend to dwell in the forest as I do, do you? Certainly not. When you go out of the forest, people will make fun of your size and your beard. Kindly give me

back my shirt and the string. They are of no use to you, whereas I can be useful to you if I get back my property," said the wizard humbly.

"Your flattery hardly pleases me. For no reason whatever you have harassed us. If you don't wish to anger me further, lead me to my brothers," said Udayan in a commanding tone.

"Well, sir, your brothers are right there in the next room. They have just grown invisible. I will make them visible as soon as I get back my shirt," said the wizard.

"You are not going to get back your shirt until I see my brothers," declared Udayan.

"But, sir, the magic powder that can make them visible is in the pocket of the shirt you now wear," informed the wizard.

Udayan at once brought out three small boxes from his pocket.

"Tell me which of these are to be applied on my brothers," demanded Udayan.

"The black one. Only a pinch would do," said the wizard as he pointed his finger at the corner of the next room.

Udayan opened the black box. It contained a black powder. He took a pinch of it and threw

it into the corner. Instantly his two brothers became visible to him. Their eyes bulged out in wonder.

Udayan smiled and sat down and unfastened the rope with which they had been bound.

Nishith and Kumar had already understood much from the conversation that passed between Udayan and the wizard. Udayan told them everything in brief and then asked the wizard, "Of what use are the two other powders?"

"The white one is the thing with which I had made them invisible. The third is a yellow powder. That is used for curing people of various ailments," explained the wizard.

Udayan showed him a towel and asked, "This too was hanging along with your shirt. I suppose this also has some magic quality. What is it?"

"To be frank, that is a highly precious property. You can spread it before you while wishing for any kind of food you desire to eat. The food would appear on it in the twinkling of an eye," replied the wizard.

"Really? We are hungry enough. Let us try the magic of the towel," exclaimed Nishith and Kumar. Udayan spread



the towel before himself, at once wishing to have a variety of fruits. Lo and behold! the fruits materialised on the towel.

They were delighted. They made good use of the fruits without forgetting to give a share to the wizard.

"Now, tell us where our horses are," demanded Nishith.

"They are not far," said the wizard. He then led the three brothers to the foot of a big tree and asked Udayan to sprinkle another pinch of black powder on a certain spot. Udayan did so. The horses became visible to them.

"My young friends, I hope all



your wishes are fulfilled. Please hand over my things to me," appealed the wizard.

"Not before you tell us your motive behind your mischief. What profit do you derive from troubling innocent passers-by?" asked Udayan.

On the wizard's face fell a shadow of melancholy. "Pardon me, my friends, I can never disclose that to you. Believe me, if I do so, my head will be shattered to pieces."

The three brothers looked at each other. They took pity on the wizard. They did not insist on getting an answer to their question.

"Look here, fellow, we will return you your shirt and your string of beads, but not the powders or the towel. Also, you should not expect us to return the two things just now. Who knows what mischief you will do the moment the strange beard returns to you? Better we move away from you and leave your things for you at some distance," said Udayan.

The wizard looked a little pensive. Then he nodded his assent and said, "let it be so. A mile ahead of us there is a brook. Near the brook you will find a small cave. Be pleased to leave my shirt and my string inside the cave."

"It will be done," said Udayan.

They proceeded in the direction of the brook. Udayan took off the shirt and the string and got back his normal appearance. Leaving the things inside the cave they hopped on to their horses and galloped forward.

They had advanced only a little when, with a deafening roar, three lions confronted them. Their horses neighed and stopped. But while the lions were taking position for

their spring, Udayan brought out the white box and sprinkled a little of the magic powder on his two brothers and himself. Needless to say, they grew invisible.

The lions who had never known anything like this, became wild. They jumped and flitted about in search of the food which they strangely missed.

While galloping away from the beasts the three brothers looked over their shoulders and enjoyed the bewildered condition of the lions. It is only when they had crossed the forest that Udayan applied the black powder on his brothers and on himself and they became visible again.

In the bright morning they could see the outline of a castle far along the horizon. It was dazzling in the sunlight.

"Is it not strange that not a single house, not a soul, is to be found anywhere in this wide meadow, yet there is a castle? Who could be living in that castle?" asked Kumar.

"We can have the answer only when we enter the castle," said Nishith.

"Forward, ho!" exclaimed Udayan.

The three brothers galloped forth as speedily as their horses could go. Playfully they were competing with each other in reaching their destination. Udayan shot forward extremely fast.

"Bravo, brother!" exclaimed Nishith and Kumar.

Next moment Udayan seemed to have completely disappeared. No trace of him was to be found anywhere in the vast meadow. *(To continue)*



ADVENTURES OF MINTOO

MINTOO KIDNAPPED!

When the landlord failed to find the hidden wealth himself, he decided to compel Mintoo to reveal it to him. He hired three ruffians to help him kidnap Mintoo.



One afternoon Mintoo was out for a ride to the meadow outside the forest. He heard somebody cry, "Help me!"



As soon as Mintoo reached the spot from where the cry came, the landlord and his men emerged from their hiding and captured him.



Mintoo was imprisoned in the upper storey of the landlord's house. The landlord threatened him with death unless he gave out the secret of his hidden wealth.





But what the landlord did not know was, Jhandoo had observed everything. It was a moonlit night. Jhandoo climbed the thatched roof and cleaved the thatch.

To his surprise and delight, Mintoo soon saw Jhandoo's face and a string of rope. With the help of the rope, he emerged on the roof.

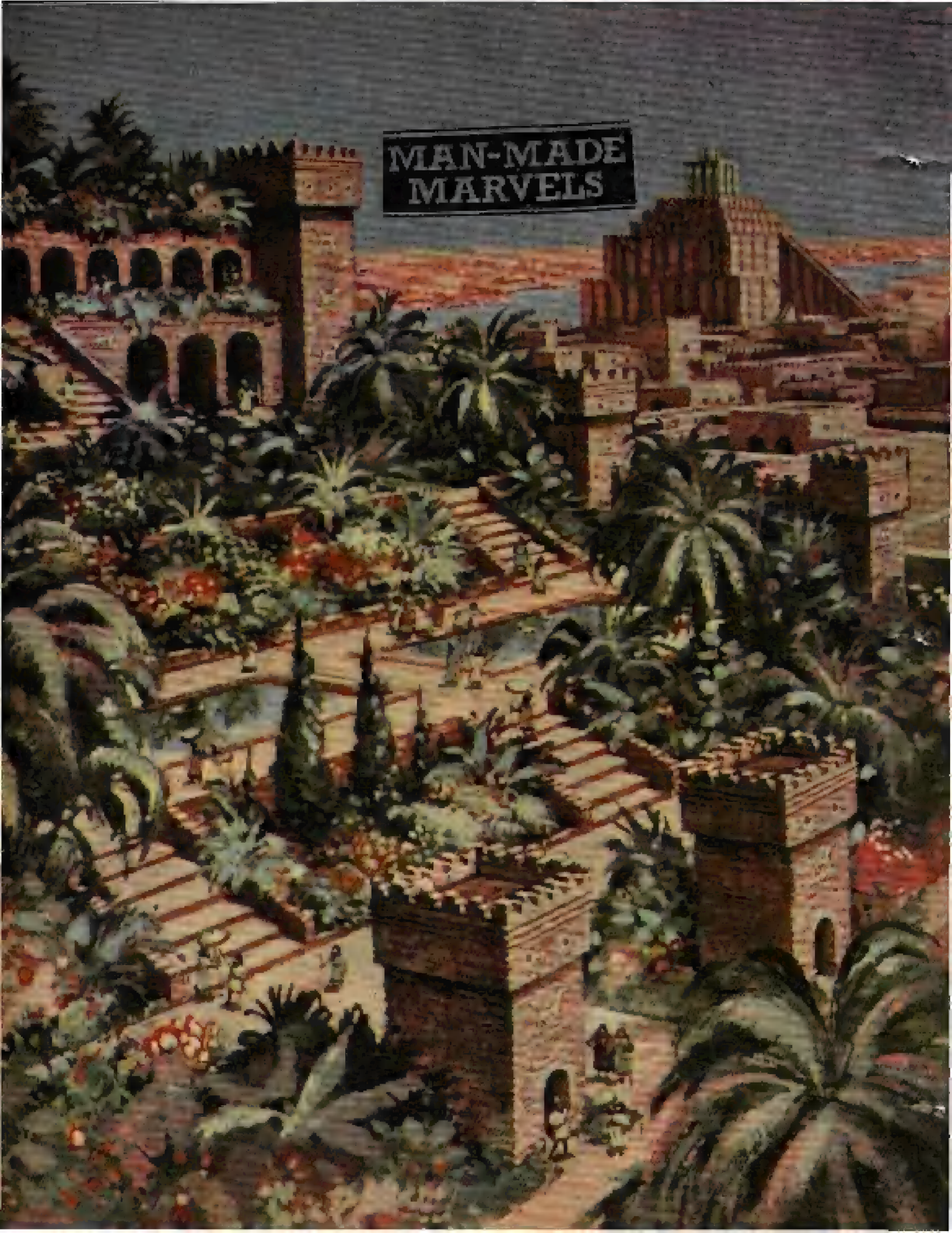


Below stood his horse, tied to a pole. Jhandoo went and cut the rope with his teeth. Mintoo jumped and landed on the horse.

Without losing a moment Mintoo galloped away, along with Jhandoo. They were in the forest, as free as the breeze!



MAN-MADE
MARVELS



A GARDEN IN THE SKY!

For centuries the legend of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon has fascinated men.

Were there really gardens in that ancient city in the desert? And if they existed at all, why were they built, and for that matter how? Until the end of the 19th century it seemed highly unlikely that anyone would ever find out, for all that was left of Babylon were a few mounds in the sand, 80 kilometres south of Baghdad.

Five thousand years ago, Babylon, together with such other early Mesopotamian cities as Ur, Sumer and Nineveh, had seen the beginnings of civilized man in that part of the world. Even so, it was not until Biblical times that it reached the height of its splendour, under King Nebuchadnezzar. By then, Babylon was so magnificent that the Greek historian, Herodotus, wrote in the 5th century B.C. that no city in the world could rival it.

Herodotus was a man who quite often let his enthusiasm

run away with him, and it is necessary to take some of his statements with quite a large pinch of salt, but he may have been speaking the truth as far as Babylon is concerned. Certainly, Biblical descriptions of the great Tower of Babel, Nebuchadnezzar's palace, and the general size and importance of the city fill any historian with curiosity.

Few of the cities of the ancient world survived into modern times and the huge walls of Babylon were eventually destroyed by Xerxes, King of Persia. The inhabitants of the once great city lived on in the ruins for a while and then drifted away. Workmen knocked down the empty houses in order to provide bricks for new buildings at other places. Little by little Babylon sank into the ground, where it lay undisturbed for 2500 years.

The approximate site of the ruined city was frequently visited by Biblical scholars from the 12th century onwards, but it was not until the middle of the 19th century that anyone gave any serious thought to excavating Babylon. The river Euphrates had moved its course considerably over the centuries.

That confused the explorers. It was in March 1899 that the brilliant German Archaeologist, Robert Koldewey, started to uncover Nebuchadnezzar's long-lost capital.

Years of Toil

Koldewey was no lone searcher, but the chosen representative of an important scientific society, sent out to Mesopotamia with a first-rate team of assistants, most of whom were architects. Some idea of the sheer size of their task may be obtained from the fact that they laboured on the excavation of Babylon without a break, summer and winter, for no less than 18 years. Even then work would not have stopped had it not been for the fact that World War I had broken out and British forces were advancing into Mesopotamia. Koldewey returned to Germany, broken by the climate and sheer back-breaking work.

But Koldewey had done enough to establish a very clear picture of what Babylon looked like under Nebuchadnezzar. Its most remarkable feature seems to have been that it was built on both banks of the Euphrates, with the most ancient part, the Old City, on the

east bank, and the New City to the west.

The whole complex was protected by fortifications. A double wall of unbaked brick was encircled by a deep moat, the bed of which was lined with brick and bitumen to make it watertight. A second double wall protected the Old City, presumably to give added safety to the palace and temples situated there.

The city of Babylon seems to have been well planned even by modern standards, with an orderly street system and thick-walled houses grouped about pleasant courtyards in a manner that gave maximum protection against the sun.

Almost in the centre of the city stood the great seven-storied temple-tower, which rose for 100 metres, with a small temple upon its summit. This tower was enormously old even in Nebuchadnezzar's time, and it was almost certainly the Biblical Tower of Babel. Part of the same temple complex contained a chapel measuring some 20 metres by 45 metres that the king had overlaid entirely with sheets of beaten gold.

The Hanging Gardens were mentioned so repeatedly in early



descriptions of Babylon that Koldewey was not altogether surprised to find that they had really existed. Whether they were constructed by Nebuchadnezzar or some earlier monarch is uncertain, but they were apparently made to please a Babylonian queen who hated the sandy wastes beyond the city walls and longed for the trees and greenery of Persia where she had been born.

In order to please the homesick girl, the king raised a series of terraces, 25 metres high, supported by a series of arched vaults. According to classical authors, each terrace was properly waterproofed with bitumen, baked brick and lead, and then filled with sufficient earth to support even the largest trees. Special mechanical hoists lifted

water from the River Euphrates to irrigate the terraces, and it is not hard to imagine that, when seen from ground level, the gardens of the higher terraces must indeed have appeared to be hanging without any visible means of support.

Terraced Hill

In the north-east corner of the great palace, Koldewey discovered the remains of two rows of seven vaulted chambers, the inner rooms having thicker walls than those on the outside, just as would have been required to bear the weight of a terraced hill of earth. Apparently the early historians had spoken nothing but the truth, and their descriptions had been surprisingly accurate.

Babylon was by no means a small city, for it is estimated that it had a population approaching 250,000. But, unlike modern cities, there was no sprawl of suburbs, for every Babylonian lived within the confines of the city walls. As Babylon was built in open country the sight of the Persian Queen's Hanging Gardens apparently suspended terrace upon terrace above the city walls must indeed have been one of the world's wonders.



New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire

THE DAMSEL'S DILEMMA

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Flashes of lightning revealed weird faces. Their eerie laughter got mixed up with the moaning of the jackals.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the tree again and brought down the corpse. But, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed it, said, "O King, strange is human nature. There are people who hesitate to utter a truth even when that would do them no harm. Being a king, you ought to know all kinds of people. Let me narrate to you the story of Vir Verma. Pay attention to my story. That might bring you relief."

The vampire went on: Prince Kalyan of Malav had a friend called Vir Verma. He was a commoner, but the prince loved him like his equal.

Once, out for hunting alone, Vir heard a cry in the forest. He rushed to the scene and saw

a damsel on a horse confronted by a tiger. The damsel found it tuff to keep her scared horse under control.

The sudden appearance of Vir surprised the tiger. It fled. Vir patted the damsel's horse on the back and calmed it.

The damsel thanked Vir. She was the princess of Shantipur—Vir learnt. She had come into the forest with her father and his party. Then, for a little adventure, she had galloped forth alone.

Before they parted, the princess informed Vir that soon her father would convene a *Swayamvara* for her marriage. From the gathering of the princes and eligible youths of the noble families, she must choose her bridegroom.

"I invite you to attend the *Swayamvara* as one of the candidates," said the princess, blushing, sure that Vir could not but be a youth from the nobility.

Vir agreed to do so. Only then did the princess ask him, "But may I know who you are?"

Vir hesitated for a moment. Then he said, "I am the Prince of Malav."

They could hear the voices of the king's hunting party.

"You may go your way, O



noble prince. Let not my father know that we had already met. That will be fun," said the princess.

As Vir took leave of her, she said again, "Don't forget to present yourself in the *Swayamvara*."

Back in his town, Vir met Prince Kalyan and told him all about his adventure in the forest. He did not hide the fact that he had introduced himself as the Prince of Malav.

Kalyan looked grave for a short while. Indeed, he had heard much praise of the princess of Shantipur. He nursed a desire to marry her



But when he learnt that the princess had been fascinated by his dear friend, he did not wish to stand in the way of their union. In fact, he wished them to marry happily.

"I am ready to help you, should you need any," he assured his friend.

The princess duly informed her father that she would like to marry the prince of Malav. The king was immensely pleased. This is what he personally wanted. If he had convened the *Swayamvara*, it is only to give his daughter the freedom to choose.

Arrangements for the pro-

posed *Swayamvara* were stopped.

The King had come to possess a portrait of Kalyan. He now presented it to his daughter.

But the portrait surprised the princess. He looked at it time and again and asked her father, "Has the King of Malav two sons?"

"No, my child, he has only one son and his name is Kalyan," replied the king.

"Are you sure, father, that this one is Prince Kalyan's portrait?" she queried.

"I'm sure. But a portrait can never be entirely truthful to one's figure. However, I have sent an invitation to the prince. He should be here as our guest before long," informed the king.

"You've done a good thing, father," said the princess. She looked forward to resolve her doubt.

When Prince Kalyan received the invitation, he called Vir and said, "Now you must proceed to Shantipur, dressed like a prince. Before the king conduct yourself as if you were truly Kalyan. But take the princess into confidence. Do not keep anything secret from her. After all, she had taken a liking for you before you intro-

duced yourself to her as the Prince of Malav. Request her to insist on her father that the marriage should take place forthwith. Once the marriage is performed, it matters little if the king comes to know your identity.

Vir reached Shantipur. The king felt sure that the artist had failed to draw his portrait accurately.

Vir met the princess in private. The princess greeted him and said, "My father is a noble soul. Although it was his ardent desire to marry me to the Prince of Malav, he did not wish to impose his desire on me. He

was about to convene a *Swayamvara*."

"Sooner our marriage is performed the better," said Vir.

Suddenly the princess confronted Vir with Prince Kalyan's portrait. "Do you recognise this face?" she asked.

Vir startled. "How did this portrait come here?" he asked in a huff.

"Some prince who desires to marry me must have sent it," replied the princess.

"How treacherous of Kalyan to send his portrait here while promising me all help!" blurted out Vir.

The princess took back the



portrait. In a firm voice she said, "Look here, young man, leave the palace as soon as possible, before my father learns about your lie!"

Vir Verma left Shantipur without uttering a word more.

The princess was duly married to Prince Kalyan.

The vampire paused and demanded of King Vikram, "Well, king, I have some doubts. The princess had invited Vir to her *Swayamvara*, obviously with the intention of marrying him. She did not know then who he was. Why should it make any difference to her later if he was not the prince? Why did she reject him? Answer me, if you can. If you choose to keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders.

King Vikram replied at once:

"It is true that the princess had taken a liking for Vir before knowing who he was. It is to honour her courage in making her choice that Prince Kalyan had advised Vir to tell her the truth.

"But Vir failed to honour both—the princess as well as his friend who really wished him well. It is the portrait which exposed Vir's nature to the princess. Further, from Vir's outburst, the princess realised that Prince Kalyan, in his nobleness, was trying to help Vir. But Vir, on the slightest provocation, branded Kalyan as treacherous. These were reasons enough for the princess to send him away."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the corpse, along with the vampire, gave him the slip.



The guest who ran away!

There was a small village at the foot of a hill. In a small house there, lived a young couple.

One day the husband went hunting into the forest beyond the hill and returned with two golden geese.

"Such geese are rarely found. Make with these as dainty a dish as possible," he told his wife.

"I'll do so," said the pleased wife.

But the fowls had not changed hands when the village landlord, who was passing by, saw them.

"Aha! You have bagged such excellent fowls! Come on, let me have them for a price which I'll pay later," said the landlord. Without the least care for the couple's reaction to his proposal, he took hold of the fowls. The young hunter had to let them go, for he did not dare to displease the landlord.

"Master, make sure to cook them in the right way. Surely you know that these special geese, cooked without special care, taste no better than boiled grass!" said the hunter's wife. The landlord stopped. "Er -





er-you know that I lost my wife years ago. My cook is a pigheaded fellow. Will you please come to my house and cook these for me?" the landlord asked with a grin.

"Who will grudge doing this much for you!" observed the young lady. "But I don't want the art of my cooking to be known to anybody!"

"I'll give my cook a day's leave!" said the landlord.

"Fine. Please carry the fowls home. Make your cook dress them. See that he lights the oven well and keeps handy everything that may be necessary for a grand cooking. Let

him go away thereafter," instructed the young lady.

"I'll do as you say. Come as soon as you can," said the landlord, grinning wider. He then left with the fowls, fondling them as though they were alive.

The young man stood fuming. "You'll even cook the fowls for the rascal, will you?" he demanded of his wife.

"Tut, tut," said the young lady with a charming smile. "Don't fret. I'll cook them for you, and for nobody else. I'll only use the fool's kitchen."

She then whispered her plan to her husband and went over to the landlord's house.

The cook had kept everything ready for her before leaving. She cooked the fowls with the choicest ingredients. The landlord was flitting between his kitchen and his veranda, licking his lips again and again.

Suddenly the young hunter met him at the door and said, "Master, the Sultan's messenger is resting under a tree while on his way to the town. He asked me if he could have his lunch at somebody's house. It will be in fitness of things for you to invite him home," said the young man.

"One kind word about you

spoken by the messenger to the Sultan might bring you much luck," observed the young lady. "Besides, you cannot eat both the fowls all alone, I bet."

"I'll bring the Sultan's messenger home," said the landlord and he went out.

The lady handed over the cooked fowls to her husband. The young man departed at once.

In a few minutes the landlord returned with the messenger and bade the young lady to spread the lunch for them.

"Master!" the young lady whispered through the window of the kitchen.

"What is it, child?" landlord queried, leaning at her.

"How can I appear before the guest in this soiled gown? Will you please rush to my husband and ask him to send my new gown?"

"Gladly," said the landlord. He was eager to show to his guest the beautiful lady he had for his cook.

As soon as the landlord was gone, the lady came out and greeted the guest. Tears rolling down her cheeks, she murmured, "How excellent is the pair of ears the gentleman has! Alas, in a moment nothing will be



left of them, not even their stumps!"

"What are you saying, girl?" asked the guest.

"Oh, no, how can I betray my master, even though my heart melts at the thought of the misfortune that awaits you!"

His eyes bulging with surprise and suspicion, the guest entreated the lady to speak out what awaited him. He even took out a silver coin from his pocket and thrust it into the lady's unwilling hand.

"Once every year, on this particular day, my master invites a stranger home and cuts away his ears. This he does to pro-

pitiate the devil. Nobody knows what his profit is," said the lady, suppressing a sob. "Your tender ears would be gone in a moment!"

In one long jump the messenger found the road and started running.

Just then the landlord returned.

"What's the matter? Why is the guest running away?" he asked, taken aback.

"My bad luck! I cooked the fowls for you. But there goes your guest, taking away both of them by force! I could not make you eat even one!" cried out the lady.

The landlord ran, shouting at the fleeing guest, "Gentle-

man, you better keep one and let me have the other!"

The Sultan's messenger looked back in horror. When he saw the landlord following him, he doubled up. He was sure that the landlord meant to cut out one of his ears and let him keep the other.

The landlord was no match for the Sultan's messenger in running. Soon he was tired. He returned home and giving a silver coin to the lady, said, "This much for your labour which went in vain! Let's forget it, child. After all, we cannot take the Sultan's officer to task!"

The young lady thanked him and returned home for a happy lunch with her husband.

(Adapted)



**The Builders of
India's Heritage**

NANA SAHIB

The year was 1860. A clerk came running into the camp of his boss. The boss, an Englishman, looked at the clerk with some irritation.

"Sir, here is an important message. Nana Sahib who was moving about like a beggar is caught at Vilaspur," informed the jubilant clerk.

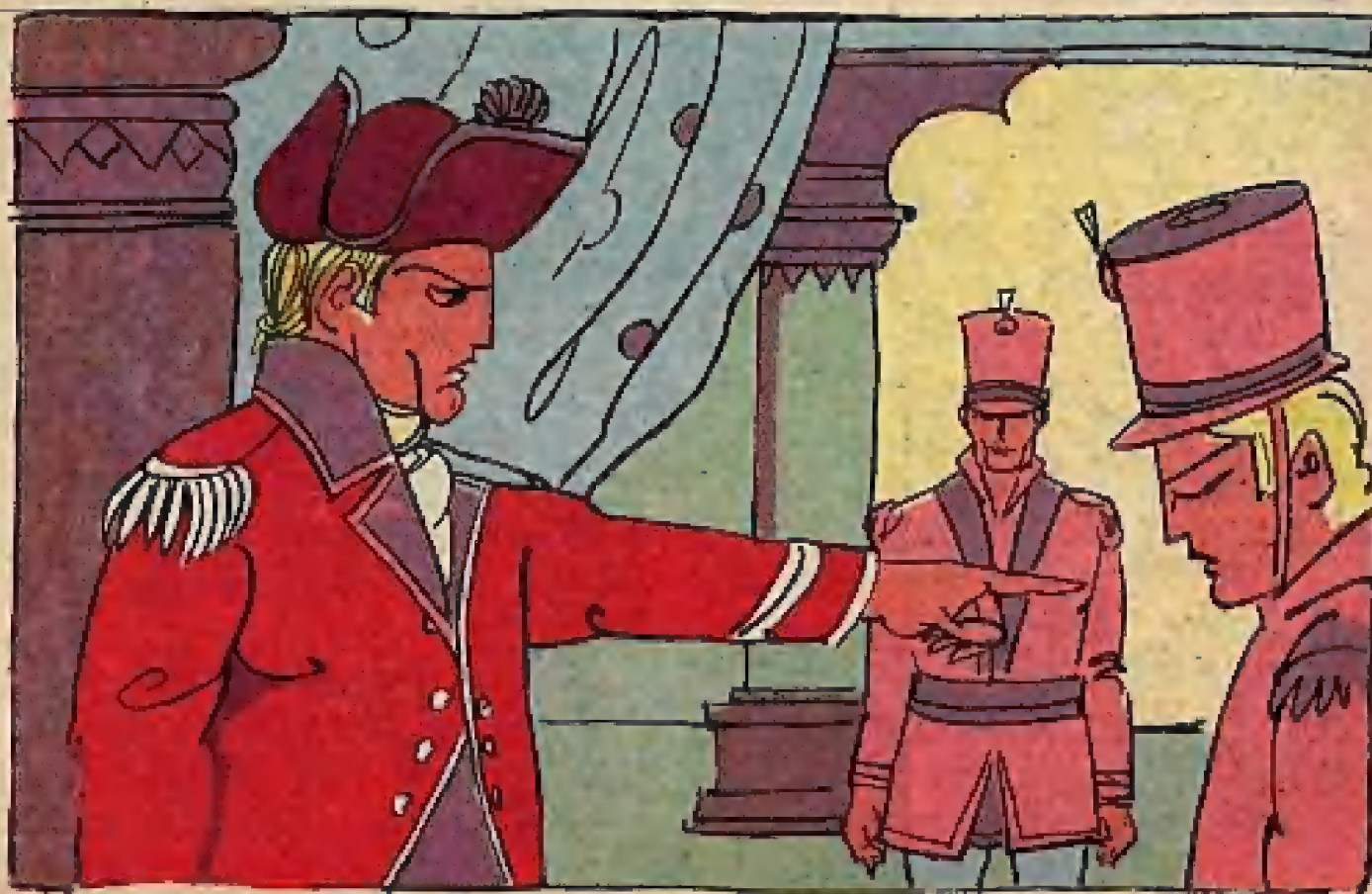
"At last, at last!" exclaimed the boss. He clapped his hands and stood up.

He was going to pat the clerk

on the back when another messenger entered the camp and, dying for breath, said, "Sir! Nana Sahib, in the disguise of a mendicant, is arrested at Benares!"

The boss's face fell. "Get out!" he shouted. With a trembling hand he showed both the messengers the way out of his camp.

Indeed, in the course of the next few years, several men, suspected to be Nana Sahib,





were detained or questioned. At last the British Government became disgusted and ordered their officers to leave Nana Sahib in peace.

But why were the officers so eager to arrest Nana Sahib? Because he had proved a terror to their Government. He was one of the great leaders of the famous Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 that had been launched to drive the British out of India.

"Peshwa" was the title of a ruling Maratha dynasty. Peshwa Baji Rao II was without a child. Nana Sahib was his adopted son.

The East India Company

had taken over the territories of the Peshwas. To Baji Rao II, the Company gave a pension of eight lakhs of rupees a year. According to the conditions agreed upon, the Company was required to pay the same amount to Baji Rao's heirs too.

But, upon Baji Rao's death, the Company refused to pay the pension to Nana Sahib. An adopted son is as much an heir as one's own son. There could be no justification for the Company violating the condition. Nana Sahib realised that simply because the Company was powerful, it did what it liked to do.

He sulked about the Company's treachery. Soon broke out the Mutiny.

Nana Sahib then lived near Kanpur. The rebellious sepoy of the city placed themselves under his command. He succeeded in driving away the British from the city and then went out to fight them at other places. In this, his great collaborators were the Rani of Jhansi and Tatia Tope, his General.

General Havelock, the British commander, supported by a number of able officers and a large army, however, took

possession of Kanpur in July 1857. But he could not subdue Nana Sahib. For a full year Nana Sahib fought bravely. The course of history would have changed only if he would have got the support of all the other Indian rulers of his time. But that was not to be. Not only some of the rulers remained passive, some even joined the British and betrayed the rebellion.

Some time in 1858 Nana Sahib retreated into the forests of Nepal. From there he wrote to the British: "What right have you to occupy India and declare me an out-

law? Who gave you the right to rule India? You foreigners are the rulers and we are thieves in our own country, is it?"

The British employed innumerable spies to trace Nana Sahib. Finally the report came that he had died.

But, in the forest lived Nana Sahib's wife, all alone in a hut. She never dressed as a widow. When asked about her husband, she smiled mysteriously. Legend says that Nana Sahib met her, secretly, from time to time. It is also believed that he lived on till long after her death.



THE FIFTH QUESTION

A scholar arrived at the court of the King of Sivganga. He announced that whoever can defeat him in a contest of wit wins a gold necklace from him.

The scholars of the court failed to outwit him. Then the court-jester told him, "I shall ask you five questions. If you answer wrong, you win. If your answer proves right even for one question, you must admit defeat."

The visiting scholar agreed to the condition. Asked the jester, "Do you come from another town?" "No, I come from this town," answered the scholar. "Are you in your own town?" asked the jester. "Yes," was the reply. "You possess a gold necklace, don't you?" asked the jester. "No," said the scholar. "Is our King's name ABCD?" "That is right!" replied the scholar.

The jester showed as if he had already been defeated. He then asked, "Well, have I asked all questions?" "No. So far you have asked four. Come on with your fifth question," said the scholar.

The jester laughed. "You gave the correct answer to my fifth question. You are defeated," he said.

The scholar saw the point. He gave away the necklace.

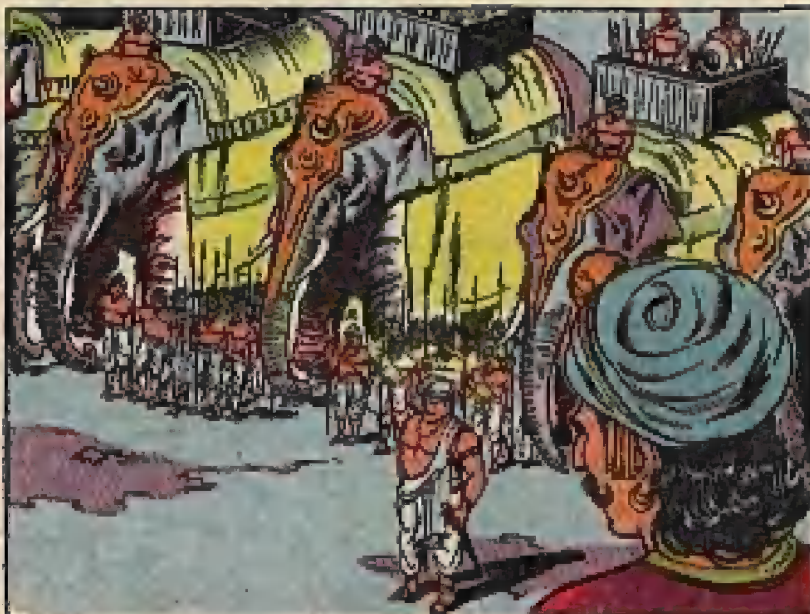


ALEXANDER AND PURU

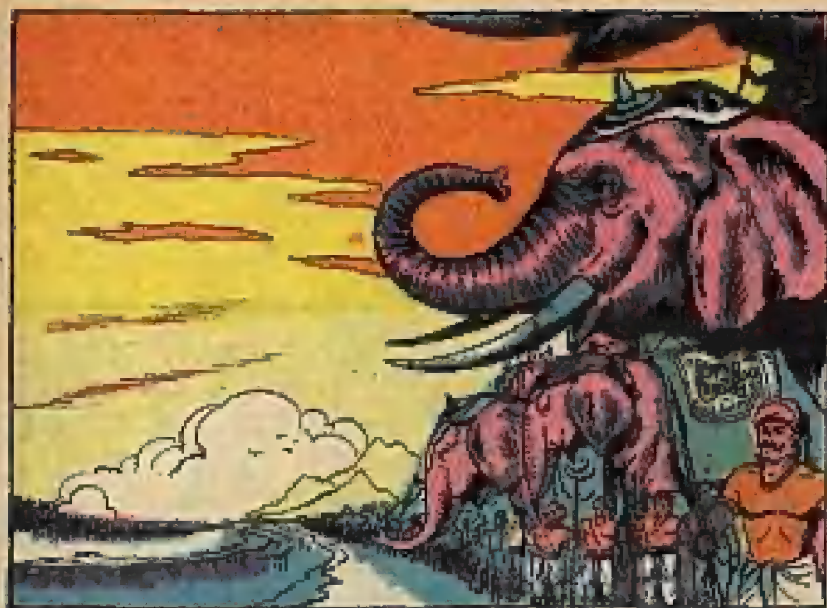


In the 4th century B.C., Alexander, the young king of Macedon, was out for a conquest of the world. Through the Hindukush, he led his formidable army towards Punjab and Sind.

Ambhi, the king of Taxila, who bore a grudge against Puru, the king over the territory between the rivers Jhelum and Chinab, befriended Alexander.

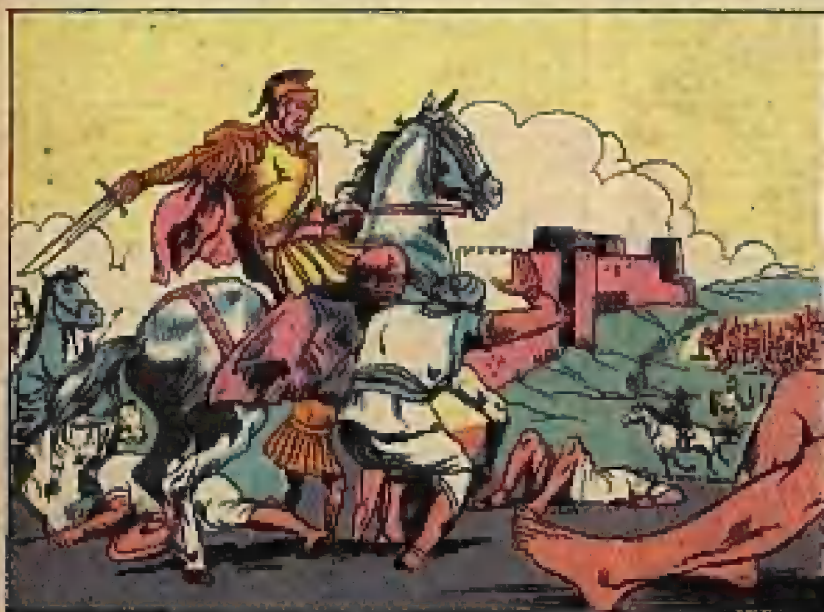


When King Puru got the intelligence that Alexander, aided by Ambhi, was about to invade his kingdom, he got ready to face the enemy.



The two armies came face to face, with the river Jhelum, then called Bitasta, lying between them. In the forefront of Puru's army were elephants of which the Greek soldiers were mortally afraid.

Alexander resorted to a stratagem. At night he led the greater part of his army to a spot miles away and crossed the river. Then they advanced upon Puru's camp.



Alexander avoided confronting Puru's trained elephants. His army attacked Puru's army from its rear. Though Puru did not expect such an attack, he defended his camp valiantly.

There ensued a fierce battle. From Ambhi, Alexander had learnt how to fight the elephants. Nevertheless, he was astonished at the courage and stamina of Puru's army.



Puru himself was in command of his army. He was wounded again and again. Even then, he did not give up. His small army resisted the huge Greek army for long.

His well-wishers requested him to retreat, but he refused to listen to them and fought on. His bodyguards fell one by one. Even then he went on fighting as Alexander watched him from distance.





Puru had been injured at nine places when Alexander's generals closed in upon him and tried to take him prisoner. Even in that condition he killed one of them.

His hands bound, Puru was produced before Alexander. "What do you expect from me?" asked the Greek invader. "The courtesy that one king owes to another king," replied Puru.



Alexander had never known a more courageous man. Overwhelmed, he freed Puru and sought his friendship. Puru continued to rule as an independent king.

THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE

Once a king and a minister went out for a tour of their kingdom. They were in disguise.

At Chandpur, they asked a well-known merchant, Sudhakar, "Sir, we are travellers. Can we pass the night in your house?" "How many are you?" asked Sudhakar. "We are two," replied the minister. "Welcome," said Sudhakar.

The king and the minister were entertained to a good dinner and given a good room. In the morning they left for Ramgunj. They asked the well-known merchant of the area, Ratnakar, "Can we spend the night in your house?"

"Welcome. How many are you?" asked Ratnakar. "We are two," replied the minister. They were entertained to a good dinner and given a good room.

Next day the king and the minister were back in the capital.

"Arrange to send a gift to Ratnakar," ordered the king.

"My lord, Sudhakar too had proved equally hospitable, hadn't he?" asked the minister.

"Yes, but, before extending his welcome, he ascertained our number. So far as Ratnakar is concerned, he first extended his welcome, only then ascertained our number," replied the king.





POOR PUSSY!

There was still an hour left for the night to end. But, because it was a full moon night, all was bright. Ramdas opened his room.

But what a pity that the very first thing he was to see should be a cat! It was his neighbour Dulal's pet.

"I'm damned!" muttered Ramdas in disgust, for, he believed that to see a cat in the morning was a bad omen. He decided to sleep for an hour more before beginning his day.

But sleep eluded him. After a few minutes he heard some light footsteps. He opened his eyes and saw a hefty fellow going out of his room stealthily. He was carrying Ramdas's cash-box. Obviously, the fellow had observed that Ramdas neglected to lock his room from inside when going to sleep.

Ramdas sprang to his feet and in a bounce grabbed the thief. The thief, however, proved stronger. He hit Ramdas on the head with the box itself. Ramdas fell down. The thief escaped.

"Since the first thing I saw was the cat, I can understand that there was no escape from such a mishap!" he murmured.

After a hurried breakfast he proceeded to the bazar where the police station was situated. The police chief was none other than his brother-in-law, Bhim.

"What is the matter, Ramdas? Why do you look pale!" asked Bhim.

On the verge of weeping, Ramdas said, "I had collected a thousand rupees to pay back the loan I had taken from you. A burglar stole away my box containing the entire amount,

in the small hours of today. Either catch the thief or forget your money!"

"Hm!" snorted Bhim. "Can you recognise the thief if you see him?"

"Of course I can. Can I forget the fellow who hit me so hard?" said Ramdas.

It so happened that in the afternoon a pick-pocket was caught in the market. The sepoy brought him to their officer, Bhim.

"Thank heavens! This is the fellow who robbed me!" shouted Ramdas at the sight of the pick-pocket.

Bhim picked up his thick stick and gave a meaningful look at the culprit. The fellow confessed to having stolen Ramdas's box. He also revealed where he had hid it. The box was recovered.

The thief was heard murmuring, "Bad luck! I should have heeded my wife's advice. She had asked me not to go to work last night because I saw a cat as soon as I stepped out!"

"I too saw a cat as the very first thing this morning. But what a good luck! I got my money back from Ramdas. I had little hope of getting it!" exclaimed Bhim with a chuckle.

Ramdas, after paying up Bhim, was returning home when he met Dulal.

"Why are you looking sad?" asked Ramdas.

"I don't know whose face my poor pussy saw this morning! It lost its tail in an accident!" said Dulal.

Ramdas received a jolt. He knew that it was his face that Dulal's cat had seen in the morning!



One night some wandering gypsies stole away a little girl from her mother's cosy shelter. They left a deformed male child in its place. The mother went almost mad with sorrow and fury.

Who could have thought that, sixteen years later, the girl who was dancing in the streets of Paris was the same stolen girl? She was now known as Esmeralda and all took her for a gypsy.

It was a festive evening. The charming Esmeralda had attracted the lustful attention of Frollo, a clergyman of the famous Cathedral, Notre Dame. Frollo had a young servant, called Quasimodo, who was none other than the deformed boy left by the gypsies in Esmeralda's place. He was an ugly hunchback, but he was blindly devoted to his master. Everybody teased him, but he hardly cared. In fact, he had gone deaf by the sound of the gigantic church bells. It was his duty to ring them.

At night Frollo, with the help of his devoted servant, tried to kidnap Esmeralda. But a captain of the guards came to the girl's rescue. Frollo fled, but



**STORY OF WORLD'S
FAMOUS BOOKS**

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

Quasimodo was captured.

Quasimodo was brutally whipped. Half-dead, he prayed for a little water to drink. Who would care to oblige a culprit? But the kind-hearted Esmeralda was there. She gave him water.

Esmeralda loved Phoebus, the captain who saved her from Frollo. The captain, of course, could not think of marrying a gypsy girl. However they once met. That made Frollo extremely jealous. He stabbed the captain and escaped.

It was Esmeralda who was accused of wounding the captain. The captain knew very well that she was innocent. Yet he just did not bother to



save her. Frollo too thought that it would be good if she died, since she loathed him.

In the fifteenth century death as a punishment came rather handy to the authority. Esmeralda was to die. Before she was to be hanged, she was led to the porch of Notre Dame for prayer. Like a bolt from the blue Quasimodo jumped into the crowd and carried Esmeralda off.

Once inside the church, Esmeralda was beyond the power of law. Quasimodo nursed her fondly. But one night, while there was a chaotic situation around the church, Frollo led Esmeralda out of the church

and proposed to marry her. But Esmeralda refused. In terrible despair, he handed over the girl to an old woman who was notorious for her hatred of gypsies, for she had lost her child to gypsies.

The old woman would have killed Esmeralda, but at the nick of time she discovered in the girl's bag a little shoe. She knew that the girl was none other than her stolen child.

But now that the girl was out of the church, she was recaptured. She was hanged without the least delay.

From the high Notre Dame Frollo saw her fate and burst into a hysterical laughter. Instantly he was pushed down by Quasimodo. He fell to his death.

Quasimodo went and threw himself into the pit in which Esmeralda was about to be buried. He died holding her body in his embrace.

This is the story of yet another famous novel by the French writer, Victor Hugo. (In the previous issue you read the story of his *Les Miserables*.) It is a sad story, but it depicts the society as it was in a bygone age.

Dr. Murty was happy at the friendship that had developed between Raman and Ravi. He had a feeling that Raman was a nice boy.

Dr. Murty had placed an order for a new car. At night, upon his leading the boys home from the Qutb Minar, Mrs. Murty handed over a letter to him. It was, Dr. Murty saw, the car-dealer's intimation to him that the car could be made available to him in the morning.

Dr. Murty smiled. "Well, boys, I think the car needs a trial drive. We can go to..."

"Agra!" exclaimed Raman.

"Let it be so," agreed Dr. Murty.

The two boys clapped their hands with joy. And their joy was greater when, one afternoon two days later, they were on their way to Agra.

The road passed through a number of bazars. There were then vast stretches of fields on both sides of the road. From time to time they could see villages at hand.

It was evening when they located the residence of Ravi's uncle, Mr. Singh. The uncle and the aunt rejoiced at meeting Ravi and they thanked Dr. Murty profusely for all his

kindness.

Dr. Murty and Mr. Singh soon found out that they had met years ago, at the marriage of a common friend. Dr. Murty agreed to pass his night there.

It was a moonlit night. "This is the ideal time for a



visit to the Taj Mahal," said Mr. Singh, and they leisurely walked towards the great monument.

On their way the two gentlemen shared each other's knowledge of the history of Agra, for the benefit of the boys. The city, the boys gathered, was not founded by the Moghuls as many supposed. Known as Agraban, it existed even before the *Mahabharata* was written. In the fifteenth century, Sikan-dar Lodi made it his capital.

Babur defeated the Lodis and conquered Agra, but Rana

Sanga, the Rajput king, drove Babur out of the city. The humiliated Babur took the oath himself and made his soldiers also take it to the effect that they must abjure all comforts and all the good things of life until they had recaptured the

Travels Through India

MONUMENT MADE OF MOONLIGHT!

city. In a decisive battle in 1527, they defeated the Rana. Agra became Babur's capital.

It was here that Humayun, Babur's son, fell seriously ill. Physicians saw no hope of his survival. Babur quietly circled his son's bed and appealed to God to transfer the boy's ailment to his own person.

Then he sat down meditatively near the unconscious boy's head. By and by consciousness returned to the boy. He opened his eyes and was able to sit up soon.

But Babur took ill. He did not recover. Death came to him in 1530.

"How fascinating!" Ravi exclaimed suddenly. All looked

at the object of his fascination. Against the moonlit sky flourished a marvellous dome, glowing mildly. Its form was too familiar to keep Ravi and Raman guessing. They knew that they were close to the monument of their dreams—the Taj Mahal!

"Do you know, boys? The Taj is called a dream in marble, designed by Titans and finished by jewellers," observed Mr. Singh.

The boys remained absorbed in enjoying the environment and the beauty of the monument. It overlooked the river Yamuna.

They entered through the three-storeyed gateway and walked along the path that passed through a vast courtyard. It had lawns soothing to the eyes, and gardens, water-channels and fountains. The 74-foot-high central dome of the Taj Mahal, the four minarets on the four sides, each 130 feet high, all in marble, looked like a building made of condensed moonlight.

"Right at the centre, down inside, is the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal, the queen of Emperor Shah Jahan. Beside it is to be found the tomb of the Emperor himself," said Dr. Murty.



A Change of Label

Gokul was a farmer. He maintained his small family with difficulty. Often he mumbled to himself, "Only if I could get some money, I could invest it as capital and start a business!"

But there was no source from which he could earn any extra money.

It was a hot summer noon. An old woman, while walking along the street, sat down on Gokul's veranda, tired. Gokul gave her water to drink and offered her food.

Immensely pleased, the woman said, "I don't have anyone in the world to call my own. Would you be pleased to grant me shelter?"

"We are poor. I'm afraid, you won't be comfortable with us," said Gokul.

"I am no seeker of comfort. Besides I hope to help you in

getting over your poverty," assured the woman who gave her name as Radhabai.

Gokul and his wife felt impressed by the woman's words. They accommodated her.

It was the season for mangoes. Radhabai said that she knew how to make pickles. Gokul brought a sackful of mangoes and a few other things she needed. When she had prepared the pickle, Gokul found it to be very tasteful.

Gokul arranged for more mangoes. Then, from the bazar, he got some bottles. The pickle was duly bottled. Gokul went to sell out the product. "Come, buy Radhabai's Condiments!" he shouted.

First day only two or three bottles were sold. On the second day he sold half a dozen bottles. But his entire stock

was finished on the third day. Those who had tasted the pickle were all praise for it. Others were eager to get it.

Radhabai, assisted by Gokul's wife, kept busy preparing more and more pickle. She prepared new varieties too—out of lemon and ginger. They too sold well.

Gokul opened a shop. He was not required to go out to sell the condiments. Several agents took them from him and hawked them from door to door.

Suddenly, after a brief illness, Radhabai died.

Gokul was extremely sad. But, said his wife, "I have learnt the art of condiment-making thoroughly well. I shall continue to prepare them. Now that Radhabai is no more, you should sell them as Gokul's Condiments."

Gokul felt encouraged. Soon the bottles bore new

labels and the agents shouted a new phrase, "Gokul's Condiments!"

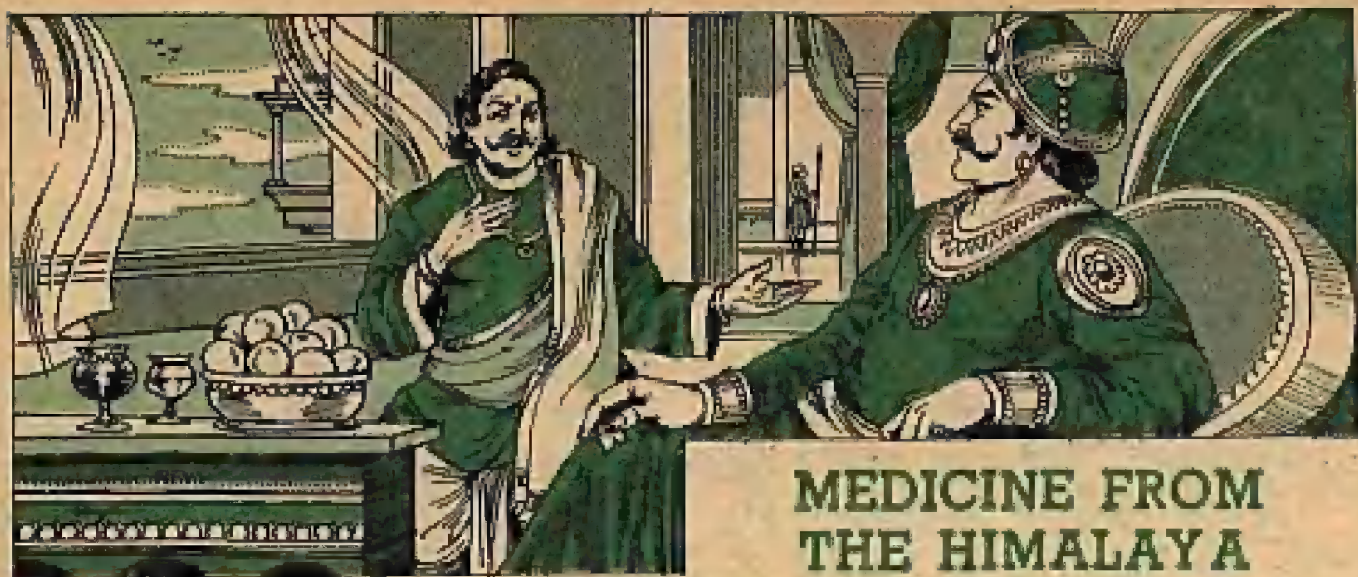
But the response was poor. Although it was true that the condiments which Gokul's wife made were equal in quality to those made by Radhabai, the customers were reluctant to try the new brand.

"We must close down the business," said Gokul.

"No, we change the label. Radhabai is dead. But am I not following her method in preparing the condiments? Why not we revive the old phrase, 'Radhabai's Condiments?'" said his wife.

Gokul was willing to try the proposal. Next day, Radhabai's Condiments were back in the streets. Buyers rushed to get hold of their familiar stuff. Gokul's business prospered again.





MEDICINE FROM THE HIMALAYA

Shrigupta was a landlord who always worried about the welfare of his subjects. He was never tired of making new plans for ponds or barrages or temples for the benefit of his people, or of festivals for their amusement. If there was a dispute between two groups of people or families, he intervened. The solution he gave was ungrudgingly accepted by the quarrelling parties.

The king heard the praise of Shrigupta from many people and invited him to the court, in order to honour him. Shrigupta entrusted the burden of his estate to his son, Joygupta.

"Perform your duty with diligence," he advised the young man on the eve of his departure.

The king was very happy to meet Shrigupta. He passed several hours every day talking to him. Shrigupta helped him

in drafting guidelines for the conduct of the other landlords of the kingdom. Shrigupta spent two months in the king's court. Then he requested the king to allow him to return home. They gave him a festive farewell.

Shrigupta, upon his return home, saw that Joygupta had performed his duty very well. All the welfare projects were carried on in full swing. Nobody missed Shrigupta.

Joygupta continued working with the same vigour even after Shrigupta was back.

A few months passed. Joygupta marked that his father looked sick. In spite of Shrigupta's protest, he called several physicians to examine him. All the physicians were of the same opinion: Shrigupta suffered from no ailment.

But Shrigupta continued to lose his appetite and weight. The anxious son announced a reward of a thousand rupees for anybody who could restore his father to health.

A young man from the neighbourhood, Sudhir, confided to Joygupta that he had diagnosed the disease, but the cure can be possible by a rare herb that was available only in the Himalayas. What is more, the medicinal plant must be plucked by the patient's son. It would not be effective if touched by someone else.

Joygupta trusted Sudhir. He started his journey to the Himalayas, accompanied by Sudhir.

It took them six weeks to reach the foot of the Himalayas. After wandering for a while, Sudhir said quite casually, "Well, I don't see the medicinal plant anywhere. Let's go back."

Joygupta was shocked. "You ought to have known better before making me come all the way!" he said.

It took them another six weeks to be back at home. To his pleasant surprise, Joygupta found his father fully cured. The old landlord was working hard, looking after the affairs



of his estate.

Sudhir took Joygupta aside and said, "Now, let me have my reward!"

"You are not only irresponsible, but also shameless. How do you expect the reward without giving any treatment to my father?" Joygupta asked in disgust.

"How was your father cured if I gave him no treatment?"

"What do you mean?" asked Joygupta.

"Your father's sickness was mental. He loved his work. That kept him fit. You took over his works and did not allow him to do anything even



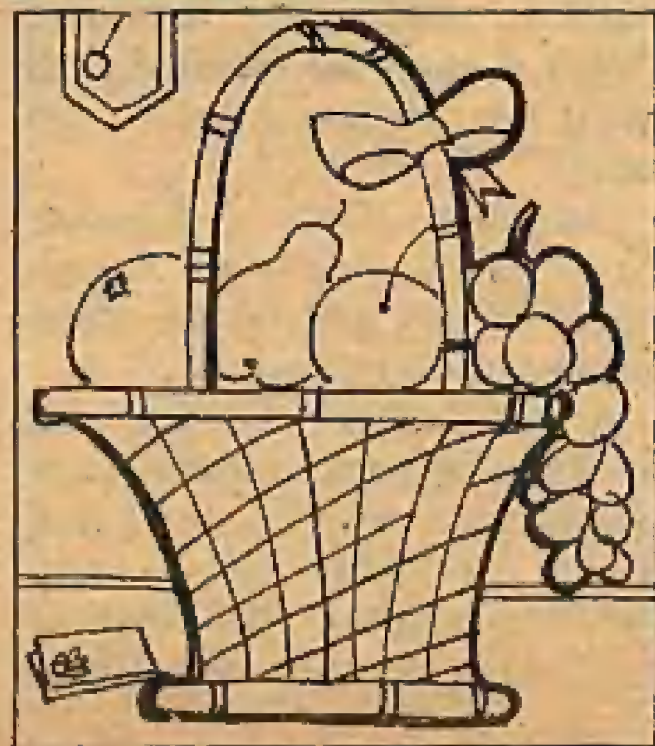
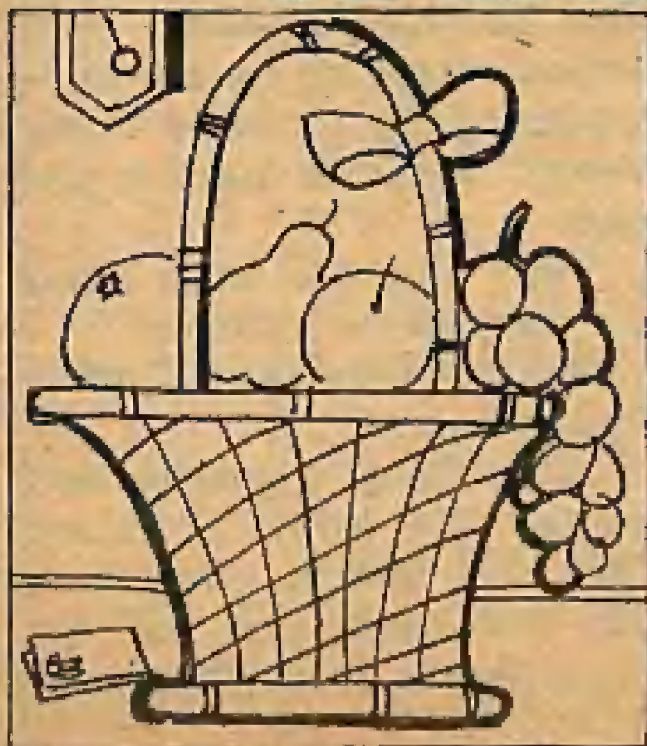
after he returned from the court. No doubt, you did so with goodwill for him. But he felt depressed for lack of work. That everything went on all right even without him, was a blow to his ego. That made him sick.

"Had I disclosed my diagnosis to you earlier, you would

not have believed me. That is why I took you away. He got a chance to work and feel that he was important. That made him happy. Happiness gave him back his lost health."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Joygupta and, without another word, handed over the reward to Sudhir.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE SAGA OF SHIVA

Long long ago there was a sage called Shilada. He was very sad because he had no son. He went to the Himalayas and meditated on Shiva and Parvati. When the God and the Goddess appeared before him he prayed to them that he be blessed with a son.

"Shilada, your destiny does not entitle you to a son. However, we will see that you get a son somehow," said the God and the Goddess.

Shilada returned home. A long time passed. He gave up all hopes of getting a son. However, as a last effort, he got ready to perform a Yajna.

While he was cleaning a ground for the purpose, he suddenly found a small child lying before him. He realised that the boon had become fruitful.

Shilada and his wife poured all their love on the child and named him Nanda.

Nanda grew up under the couple's loving care. He was a sweet boy. Whoever talked to him felt happy. Shilada was delighted looking at the playful boy.

One day two great seers, Mitra and Varuna, visited Shilada's house. They were well-versed in astrology. They revealed to Shilada that although Nanda was a blessed soul, he was destined to be shortlived.

Shilada and his wife were plunged in sorrow. When Nanda learnt the cause of their mood, he asked them not to worry. The little boy, thereafter, went into a lonely place and meditated on Shiva and Parvati.

Nothing would tempt the boy to give up his effort. Noth-

ing could terrify him either.

His devotion made the God and Goddess appear before him.

"Grant me that I shall live long enough to become renowned as your devotee," said Nanda.

Shiva and Parvati granted the boon and named him as Nandiswara. He was made the leader of a group of Ganas. To perform the ritual that was necessary to place him in that position, Shiva brought out holy water of the Ganga from his locks. The ritual over, the water flowed on, divided into five streams. They became known as Trisroto, Jatodaka, Swarno-

daka, Jambu and Brishadhwaja.

Nandiswara went to Kailash with the God and the Goddess. In due course he married Sukirti, the daughter of Marut.

* * *

It is said that at the beginning of the creation there were three Gods—Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. One day an emanation came out of Brahma and told Shiva proudly "I am Brahma's emanation. You ought to show me respect."

Shiva cried out in anger. Out of that sound of disgust was born a ferocious being with three eyes and a trident in hand.

"What is my duty?" the



being asked Shiva. Shiva pointed his finger at Brahma's emanation. The being at once struck the emanation with his finger-nail. Consequently one of the five heads of the emanation fell off. The area where it fell became known as Brahmakapal. The spot where the incident took place grew into a city and later became famous as Kashi.

Kalabhairava was the name of the being. He remained as Shiva's bodyguard.

But Kalabhairava, because of his action, had earned the sin of killing a Brahmin. He must be absolved of the sin. Shiva advised him to proceed to

Kashi and to do penance there.

Accordingly, Kalabhairava went out on a pilgrimage. After visiting several holy places, he reached Kashi.

There, going through a severe spiritual discipline, he shook off his sin. But he continued to live in the city as its presiding spirit.

* * *

Elsewhere lived a sage named Byaghrapada with his wife Vimala. Both were devotees of Shiva. They got a son whom they named Upamanyu. Upamanyu's parents were very poor. Upamanyu, upon a visit to the house of his mother's parents, who were rich, got the



taste of good food. On his return home, one day he asked his mother for sweetened milk.

"My child, I can give you neither sweet nor milk, for we are poor," said Vimala.

"If we are poor we ought to do something to improve our lot!" said Upamanyu.

Vimala reported her conversation with Upamanyu to Byaghrapada, her husband.

"My son! if you want to change your destiny and become rich, pray to Shiva. Otherwise, even if you get wealth, that will bring you sorrow," Byaghrapada advised the boy. Then Upamanyu went away to Kailash and recited the mantra invoking Lord Shiva.

After a while a deformed figure appeared before the boy and asked him, "Why are you wasting your time in the jungle?

There are many dangers here."

"Don't I know that this is a dangerous place? Yet I dare sit here. As long as I continue to invoke the grace of Shiva, no danger can befall me," declared Upamanyu.

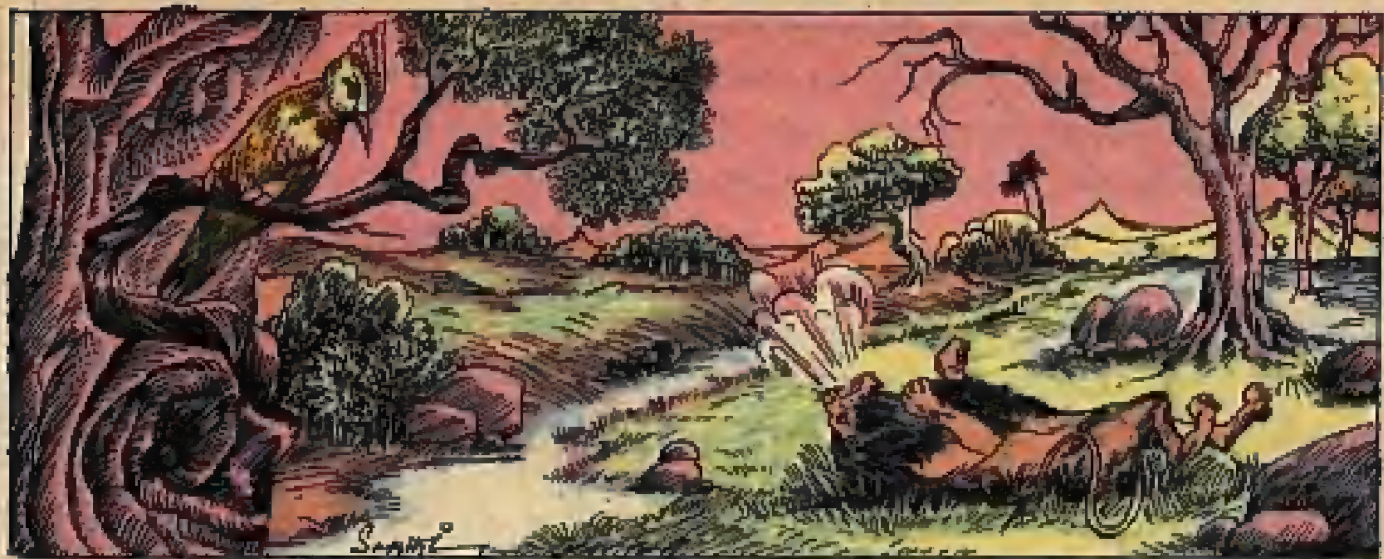
The deformed figure changed into the luminous Shiva. Behind him appeared Parvati. Upamanyu was delighted.

"My lord, I cannot live without you. At the same time, it will be impossible to behold you in this form of yours, always. Grant that we can worship you in a symbolic form," Upamanyu appealed to Shiva.

The boon was granted. Thus, for all time to come, the devotees of Shiva could worship him in the form of a symbol—the Shivalinga.

Upamanyu also obtained the boon for his own prosperity.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

THE WOODPECKER'S LUCK

In a certain forest lived a woodpecker. While flying from one tree to another, he saw a lion rolling on the ground and crying in pain.

Curious, the woodpecker perched on the branch of a nearby tree and asked the lion, "What ails you, O hero of the beasts?"

"I was feeding upon an animal, when a small piece of bone got stuck in my throat. It is giving me much pain. For two days now I have not eaten a morsel, have not slept a wink. What do I do?" said the lion.

The woodpecker hopped down to a still lower branch. He took pity on the great beast and said, "Dear lion, I feel like going to your rescue. But you can well imagine what prevents me from doing so. It is too

much of a risk to enter your mouth!"

"Must you feel so, sweet bird? A lion though I am, don't I have a heart? How can I harm one who would save me from my deep agony?" asked the lion.

"Well then, let me see what I can do for you," said the woodpecker. The lion sat with his mouth agape. The bird, before entering his mouth, placed a chunk of wood between the two rows of his teeth. He did so to be sure that the lion would not be able to snap his mouth even if he wanted to do so.

The bird slowly entered the lion's mouth and found out where the bone was. With his iron beak, he took hold of the

bone and removed it with great care. Then he struck down the wood that separated the lion's jaws and went out at lightning speed.

The lion did not cry any more. He closed his eyes and rested peacefully. The woodpecker left for his destination, happy that he had befriended the lion.

Days passed. One summer day the woodpecker found no food for himself. While flying about, he saw the lion devouring a buffalo.

"Here is my friend, the lion. Surely, he wouldn't grudge me a little meat!" thought the bird.

"Hello, great beast, do you recognise me?" he asked from the top of a plant.

"I do," said the lion raising his head for a moment. Then he concentrated on his food

again.

"What about throwing a little meat at me?" asked the bird.

"I don't have enough meat to go throwing about!" said the lion.

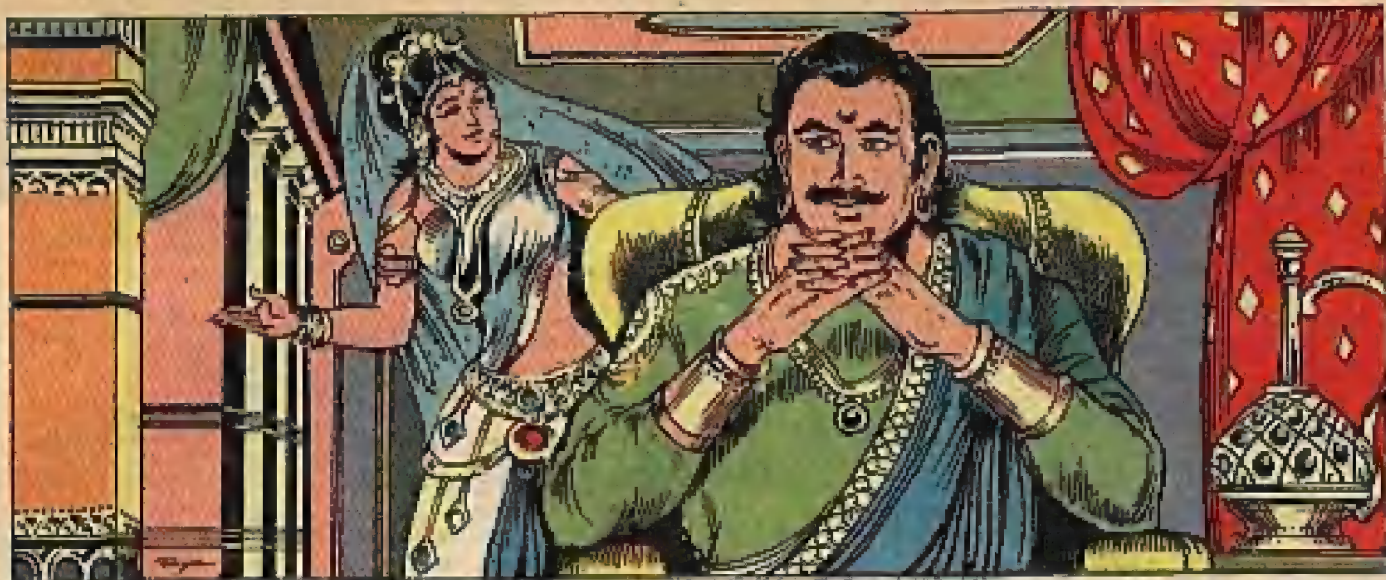
"But, sir, did I not save you from the acute pain you were having the other day?" asked the bird.

"For that, did I not let you go out of my mouth unharmed? How many creatures are there in this wide world who can claim to have entered a lion's mouth and come out safe?" asked the lion in a huff.

The woodpecker flew away, saying, "Perhaps I am the only creature to claim that luck. But I wonder if I would have been there to claim that if I had not placed the wood between your jaws!"

From the Buddha Jatakas





THE HERMIT'S RIDDLE

King Martand Dev was to appoint a new adviser. His choice fell on one of the noblemen of his court, Manibhadra.

But another nobleman, Vishwabandhu, was a relation of the queen.

"I don't think Uncle Vishwabandhu is inferior to Manibhadra in either wisdom or intelligence. Why not appoint him to the post?" the queen pleaded with the king.

"Why not, if he is not really inferior! But we must wait for an opportunity to test him," said the king.

There was a prosperous merchant in the kingdom. He had a beautiful daughter. Three

young men came forward with their proposals to marry her. The merchant, who could not decide whom to choose, sent the three suitors to his guru, a hermit in the hills.

The guru looked at the three young men and meditated for a while. He said nothing, but gave a shellful of earth to one, a shellful of water to another, and a shellful of grains to the third young man.

The merchant guessed that the guru had indicated his choice, but failed to understand what precisely the indication was. He led the suitors to the king.

In the presence of both Mani-

bhadra and Vishwabandhu, the king asked the three young men what they thought of the guru's action.

"My lord, the guru gave me earth. Without earth neither water nor grain has any value. Hence, I should think, he chose me!" said the first young man.

"My lord, of what use are earth and grain without water? Can the grain, even when sowed, sprout without water? By giving me water, the guru has bestowed his choice on me!" said the second young man.

"My lord, the earth and the water are only conditions necessary for the crop. What is important is the crop. I hold the grains! The guru's choice is obvious!" said the third suitor.

The king looked at Vishwabandhu. "What do you say?" he asked.

"Well, I consider the gift of water most significant. It makes, both the earth and the grain purposeful," said Vishwabandhu.

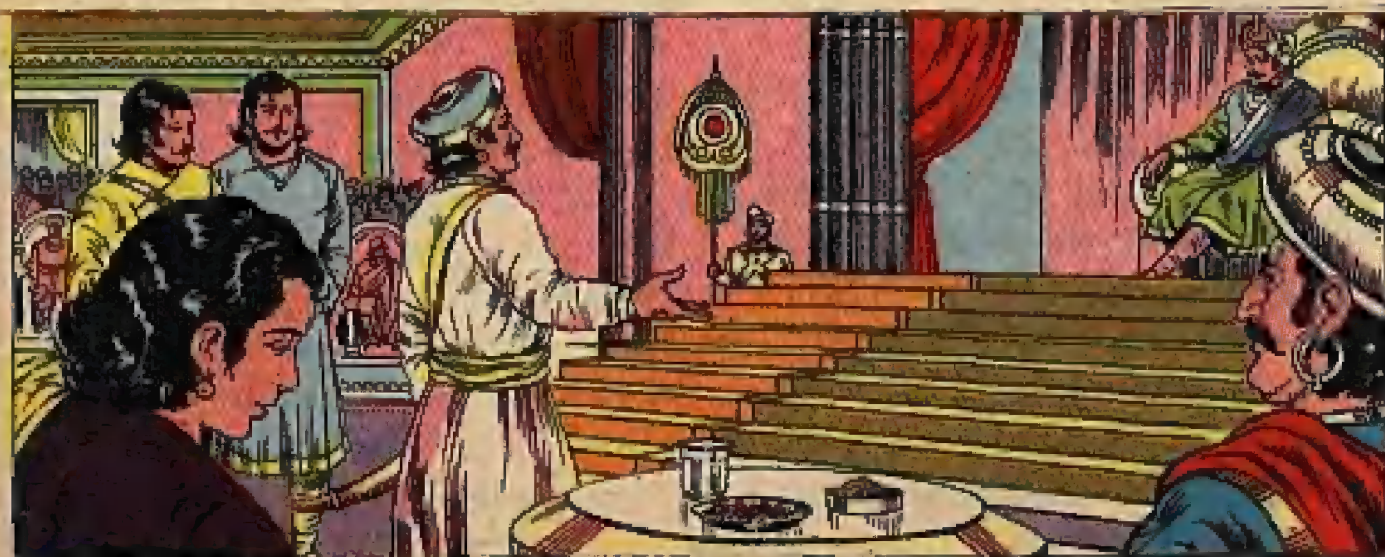
"What is your opinion?" the king asked Manibhadra.

"My lord, I must examine those things before giving my opinion," said Manibhadra.

Soon he hit upon the fact that the water the guru had given was saline water, of no use to crop. The grains he had given were useless chaff. The shellful of earth, however, was of good quality.

"My lord, the guru's choice has fallen on the one who received earth from him," said Manibhadra.

Manibhadra's judgement carried conviction for all. No more did the queen murmur at his appointment as the adviser.





WHAT IS MOST DIFFICULT

"What is the most difficult thing to attain?" one day King Chandrasen of Visalgarh asked his courtiers. It so happened that Chiranjeevi, the traveller, was present in the court. With interest he listened to the replies given by the courtiers.

"To obtain nectar is the most difficult thing," observed one.

"No, it is to attain heaven which is really difficult," said another.

"Even more difficult is to behold God," said a third voice.

The king stopped them and said, "Such statements do not satisfy me. First of all we know nothing of nectar and heaven. We surely believe that

God exists. But it is not known whether we can see Him through our effort or not. Tell me of something with which we are familiar, but which is difficult to attain."

The king looked at Chiranjeevi.

"My lord, to have a victory over our desires is the most difficult thing," said Chiranjeevi.

"Will you please explain?" asked the king.

"My lord, we know of great people who have set examples in selflessness and sacrifice. Even then it cannot be said that they had conquered their desires. It could have been their desire to shine as selfless ones. All we



can say is, they do not have such desires which ordinary people have," said Chiranjeevi.

"To have all our desires fulfilled is a difficult thing," said one.

"Maybe. But that is not the most difficult thing. I had few desires in my life. I dare say that I have them all fulfilled," said another.

The king looked satisfied. He thanked the wise traveller.

However, one of the courtiers was quite jealous of Chiranjeevi. He stood up and, addressing the king, said, "My lord, I know of people who have achieved pure states of desirelessness.

That is why I do not think that to achieve that was so difficult!"

There was silence. Chiranjeevi was asked to give his opinion. He said, "Even if there are such men, I doubt if this gentleman knows any of them!"

"Can you produce such a man before us? If your man fails in the test, you as well as he should be penalised," observed the king looking at the courtier.

Next day the courtier dressed one of his friends as a hermit and brought him to the court.

"My lord, this enlightened man dwells in the forest. He has no desire of any sort," declared the courtier.

The king tried to tempt the false hermit to accept many gifts. But he refused saying that he had no desire for anything.

"Well, will you not accept even the offer of my throne if I make it?" asked the king.

"How can I, my lord, since I have deliberately given up everything?" said the man with a smile.

The king was impressed.

But Chiranjeevi said, "I still believe that you have not conquered your desires. I cannot prove it today, but I can prove it tomorrow, should you care

to come here. If you do not come, and if I do not get a chance to prove it, even then I will remain firm in my belief."

All thought that Chiranjeevi sought time to hit upon some plan to make the hermit confess that he had some secret desire in him.

The courtier and his friend passed the time with utmost caution. Next day they presented themselves in the court.

"Wise hermit! Why have you come?" asked Chiranjeevi.

"Why, did you not say that if I came you can prove that I had desires?" said the man.

"What if you had not come?" asked Chiranjeevi.

"You would have persisted in the wrong notion that I was not free from desires!" replied the man.

"In other words, it is with the

desire to prove that you had no desires that you are here. Were you really desireless, you would not have cared about what notion I had," said Chiranjeevi.

The false hermit kept quiet.

The courtiers broke into laughter and applause.

"You ought to be penalised," said the king, looking at the courtier and his friend.

"My lord, that is uncalled for. Why punish somebody because he expressed his own view?" said Chiranjeevi.

"I was just joking," said the king. "I see now how difficult it is to have a true victory over desires."

"It is difficult, my lord, but it is not impossible. There are great souls who have done it. But they are rare. They will not come down to prove their achievement," said Chiranjeevi.



THE WISE, THE CLEVER, THE INTELLIGENT

Once a king said to his minister, "My younger son, I observe, likes to remain alone and thoughtful. His conduct worries me."

"What is there to worry about it, my lord? Common people, like the crows, move about in crowds. But the wise ones, like the owls, prefer to be alone," said the minister.

A few days passed. The king told the minister, "My elder son has fallen into the company of loafers. I am worried about it."

"Why do you worry, my lord? A clever man knows how to mix with the riffraff and use them for his own benefit, just as the eagle knows how to make friends with the kingfishers and get fish through them," said the minister.

"My dear minister," said the king, "One of my sons is wise, the other is clever. You who can understand them so well are intelligent. It seems, I alone am a fool!"



THE SLAVE WHO CHOSE THE HEAVIEST BURDEN

This was in the 6th century B.C. In Phrygia some slaves were being led from one place to another. Each of them was to carry a bale. Their masters told them that one cannot change one's burden with another on the way.

Naturally, everybody tried to choose a bale which would be light. One dwarf slave, however, tried each bale and chose the heaviest of them all.

All laughed at his choice. "A fool!" they whispered among themselves.

But, it was soon found out that the bale the dwarf carried contained breads for the slaves to eat on the way. After two hours the breads were distributed. The dwarf walked without any burden for the greater part of the day.

This slave was none other than Aesop - the immortal teller of fables.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. M. Natarajan



Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for the December '79 goes to :

Mrs. Bhuvana Natarajan, 295-A, Jodhpur Park,
Calcutta-68, West Bengal.

The Winning Entry : 'Moments of Glory' - 'Sharing a Story'



PICKS FROM
OUR MAIL BAG

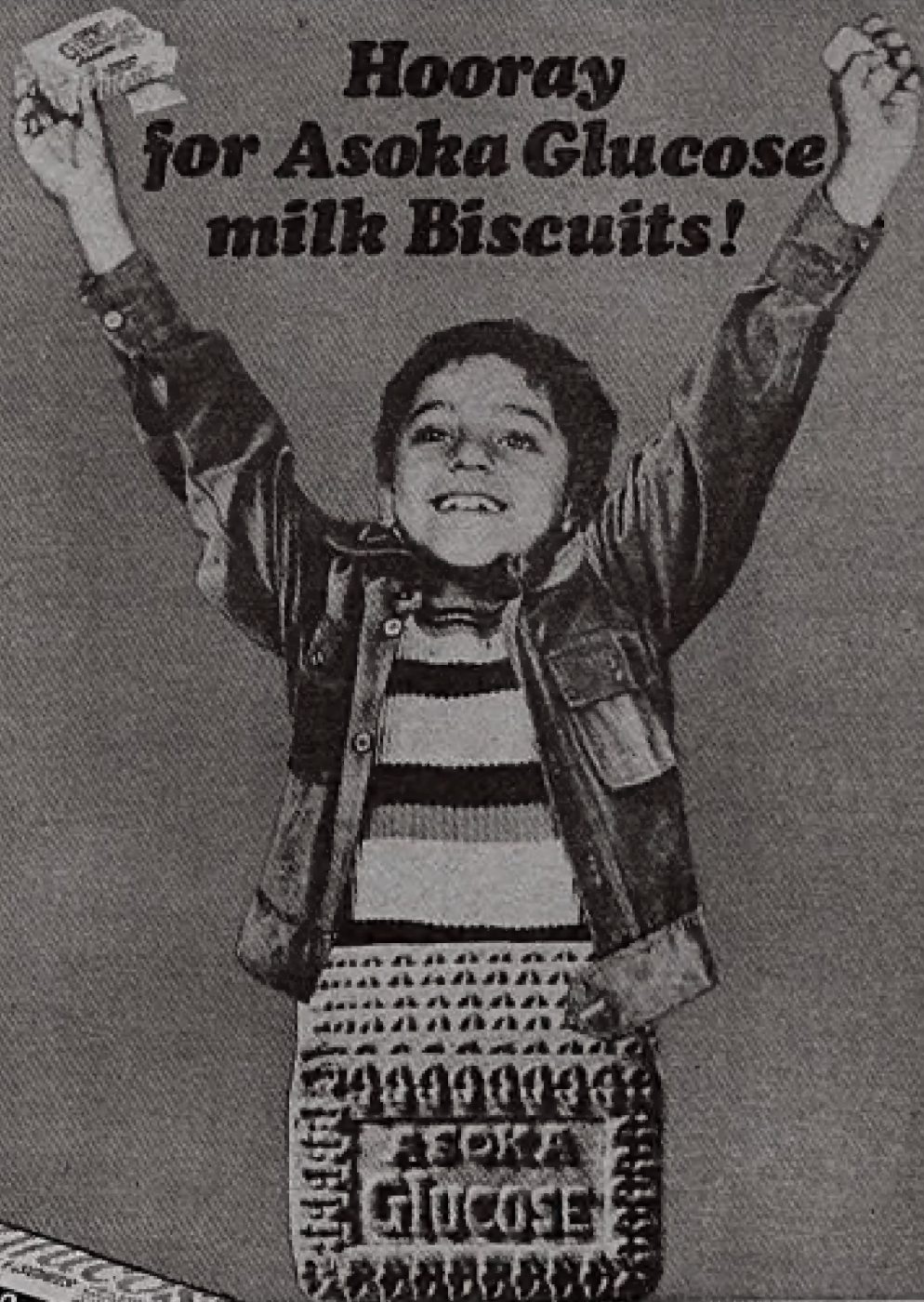
Dear Sir,

It was very wise of the Chandamama to conclude the series on the Builders of India's Heritage with Sri Aurobindo. He is not only one of the greatest sons of India, but also the forerunner of a new humanity.

Congratulations for launching the new series on the freedom fighters of India. The young readers ought to know about the great heroes of the past who sacrificed so much for our country. Their memory should inspire us to sacrifice our petty interests for building a great nation free of corruption, chauvinism and other ills.

B. Pattwardhan, Pune.

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CHANDAMAMA





It was Raju's little sister Meena's birthday. It was a grand occasion for Raju. Nandu, Vinay, Rekha, Ashok all were to come with beautiful presents.

Raju couldn't think of a gift. He wanted to present something very very very special.

He thought and thought and thought. Suddenly he hit upon an idea.

A mask, a beautiful colourful mask. Green stripes on the cap, pink on the cheeks, crimson lips.

With dashes of paint in no time he painted a mask on a piece of cardboard and cut it into shape.

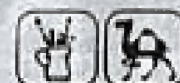
What a colourful present: Meena was delighted.

Everyone talked about Raju and his wonderful present.

If Raju could paint, so can you.

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ON THE DOUBLE, SOMEONE
SEEMS TO BE IN TROUBLE!"



"THERE GOES
THE CULPRIT—
HOW HE RUNS,
HE'S
KIDNAPPED
MRS. KUMAR'S
SON!"



"QUICK, NO TIME
TO FIND A STONE,
I THINK I'LL SHOOT
WITH THIS ALONE."



WITH TREMENDOUS SPEED, THE POPPINS
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